THE BEST OF BRITISH COMICS—IT'S

TERRIFIC

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A POWER COMIC

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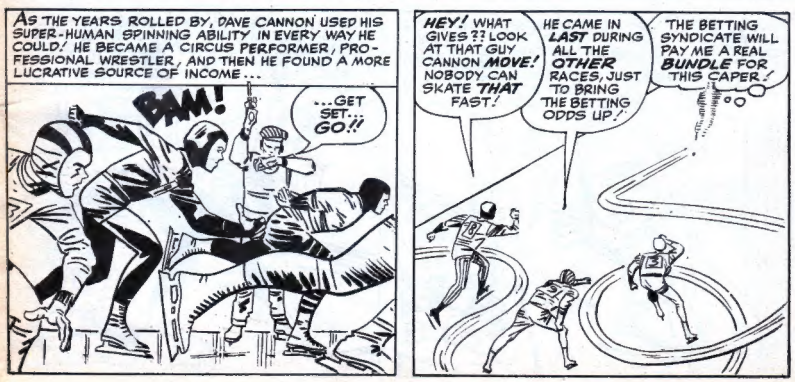
IN EVERY CENTURY, SOME HUMANS ARE BORN WITH FANTASTIC TALENTS! ONE PRIME EXAMPLE IS DAVE CANNON, WHOSE AMAZING ABILITY TO WHIRL AROUND AT GREAT SPEED IS THE BASIS FOR OUR ASTONISHING TALE!
WOWIE! NOBODY CAN DO WHAT DAVEY CAN!
YEAH! TOO BAD A GUY WITH HIS TALENT HAS TO BE SUCH A ROTTEN BULLY!
THOUGHT I COULDN'T HEAR 'YA WHILE I WAS SPINNIN' AROUND, HEH? JUST FOR THAT, I'M CHARGIN' YOU DOUBLE FOR THE SHOW!
SURE, DAVEY... SURE! I'LL PAY! HONEST!
DAVEY'S SO FAST NOBODY DARES TO FIGHT HIM!

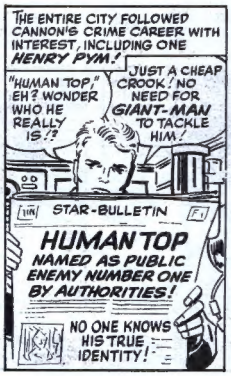
ALAS, UNFORTUNATELY FOR THE NEIGHBOURHOOD KIDS, AND FOR THE WORLD AT LARGE, FATE HAD SEEN FIT TO BESTOW A RARE GIFT ON ONE WHO WAS NOT DESERVING OF IT!
GET HIM! HE SWIPED MY FRUIT!
NO ONE CAN CATCH ME!
BUT, ALTHOUGH HE ACHIEVED INCREDIBLE SPEED BY WHIRLING LIKE A TOP, DAVE CANNON WAS STILL YOUNG, AND NO MATCH FOR THE FORCES OF LAW!
WE WERE READY FOR YOU THIS TIME, SON!
OKAY, YOU WIN! I'LL PAY FOR THE FRUIT!


AS THE YEARS ROLLED BY, DAVE CANNON USED HIS SUPER-HUMAN SPINNING ABILITY IN EVERY WAY HE COULD! HE BECAME A CIRCUS PERFORMER, PROFESSIONAL WRESTLER, AND THEN HE FOUND A MORE LUCRATIVE SOURCE OF INCOME...
BAM!
...GET SET... GO!!
HEY! WHAT GIVES?? LOOK AT THAT GUY CANNON MOVE! NOBODY CAN SKATE THAT FAST!
HE CAME IN LAST DURING ALL THE OTHER RACES, JUST TO BRING THE BETTING ODDS UP!
THE BETTING SYNDICATE WILL PAY ME A REAL BUNDLE FOR THIS CAPER!

AND, AFTER THE RACE...
NICE WORK, CANNON! HERE'S YOUR CUT! NOW YOU BETTER LEAVE TOWN BEFORE THEY START INVESTIGATIN' YOU!
WHAT FOR? I'M NOT SCARED OF ANY-THING!
SUIT YOURSELF, SONNY! BUT, REMEMBER, GOOD AS YOU ARE, THE COPS ARE A LOT BETTER!
SECTION

GOOD AS I AM, EH? THE FOOLS! THEY HAVE NO IDEA HOW GOOD I REALLY AM!
WELL, I REALIZE NOW THAT I DON'T NEED THEM ANYMORE! I DON'T NEED ANYONE! I'VE GOT THE TALENT TO DO WHATEVER I WANT TO DO... ALONE!

AND, UNFORTUNATELY FOR THE GOOD OF MANKIND, THE THINGS DAVE CANNON "WANTED" TO DO WITH HIS GREAT TALENT WERE THESE...
NEWS
BURGLAR SPINS WAY TO FREEDOM!
AMAZING ACCOUNT OF !!EW!!!
NEWS
SPINNING CRIMINAL IN NEW FANTASTIC ROBBERY
NEWS
POLICE DRAGNET FAILS TO STOP SPINNING ROBBER!
NEWS
WHIRLING FELON STRIKES AGAIN! STILL AT LARGE!


THE ENTIRE CITY FOLLOWED CANNON'S CRIME CAREER WITH INTEREST, INCLUDING ONE HENRY PYM!
"HUMAN TOP," EH? WONDER WHO HE REALLY IS!?
JUST A CHEAP CROOK! NO NEED FOR GIANT-MAN TO TACKLE HIM!
STAR-BULLETIN
HUMAN TOP NAMED AS PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE BY AUTHORITIES!
NO ONE KNOWS HIS TRUE IDENTITY!

EVEN HENRY PYM DOESN'T REALIZE HOW DANGEROUS THE HUMAN TOP WILL BE, AS HE MAKES A ROUTINE CALL...
HELLO, JAN! JUST WANT TO REMIND YOU WE HAVE A BRIEFING SESSION IN AN HOUR!

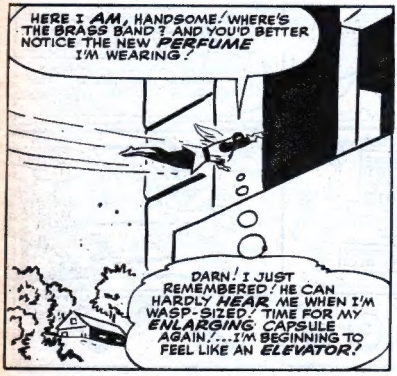
REMIND ME?? SILLY BOY! I'VE BEEN AT THE BEAUTY PARLOUR ALL DAY, PREPARING FOR THE EVENT!
FOR PETE'S SAKE, GIRL! HOW MANY TIMES MUST I TELL YOU OUR MEETINGS ARE STRICTLY BUSINESS?! YOU DON'T HAVE TO GET PRETTIED-UP FIRST!

OH, DON'T!? IF HE THINKS I BECAME THE WASP BECAUSE I LIKE TO CHASE CRIMINALS, HE'S MAAAD!!
HE MAY GO FOR ALL THAT ADVENTURE JAZZ, BUT I GO FOR BIG, WONDERFUL, DREAMY HIM!

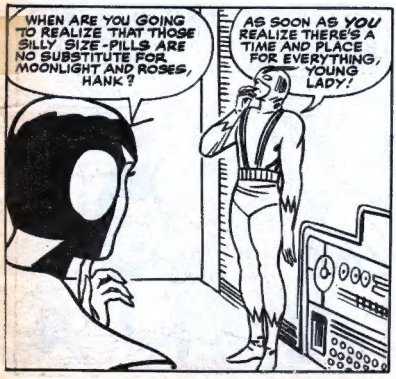
IF ONLY HANK COULD SEE ME AS A GIRL, INSTEAD OF A COSTUMED CRIME-FIGHTER!

WHAT'S HE LOOKING AT?? OMIGOSH! I FORGOT TO SHRINK TO WASP SIZE!!
BETTER TAKE MY REDUCING CAPSULE NOW! BEFORE HIS EYES BUG RIGHT OUT OF HIS HEAD!

IS SOMETHING WRONG, SIR?
ULP! THIS IS NO TIME FOR QUESTIONS! WHERE'S THE NEAREST EYE DOCTOR?


HERE I AM, HANDSOME! WHERE'S THE BRASS BAND? AND YOU'D BETTER NOTICE THE NEW PERFUME I'M WEARING!
DARN! I JUST REMEMBERED! HE CAN HARDLY HEAR ME WHEN I'M WASP-SIZED! TIME FOR MY ENLARGING CAPSULE AGAIN!...I'M BEGINNING TO FEEL LIKE AN ELEVATOR!

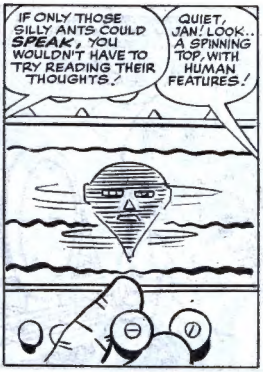
HAVE NO FEAR, DREAMBOAT! THE WASP IS HERE!
JUST IN TIME, JAN! I WAS JUST ABOUT TO BECOME GIANT-MAN!


WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO REALIZE THAT THOSE SILLY SIZE-PILLS ARE NO SUBSTITUTE FOR MOONLIGHT AND ROSES, HANK?
AS SOON AS YOU REALIZE THERE'S A TIME AND PLACE FOR EVERYTHING, YOUNG LADY!

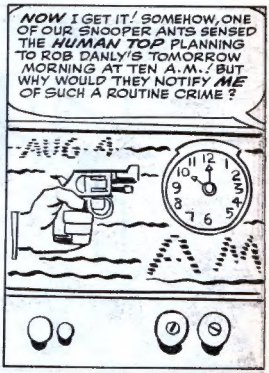
OH, SO YOU DO KNOW THAT I'M A YOUNG LADY! THEN THINGS AREN'T COMPLETELY HOPELESS!!
YOU'LL HAVE TO TALK LOUDER, SHORTY!

Y'KNOW, SCATTER-BRAIN, YOU ARE KINDA CUTE AT THAT! FOR A MIDGET, THAT IS!
HENRY PYM, YOU PUT ME DOWN THIS MINUTE! YOU... YOU SHOW-OFF, YOU!!

HOLD IT, KID! A MESSAGE IS COMING THROUGH FROM THE ANTS, ON OUR THOUGHT-WAVE COMMUNICATOR! LET'S SEE IF WE CAN INTERPRET IT!


IF ONLY THOSE SILLY ANTS COULD SPEAK, YOU WOULDN'T HAVE TO TRY READING THEIR THOUGHTS!
QUIET, JAN! LOOK.. A SPINNING TOP, WITH HUMAN FEATURES!

THE CITY'S LARGEST DEPARTMENT STORE... WITH AN ACCENT ON MONEY!
Danly's
DEPARTMENT STORE

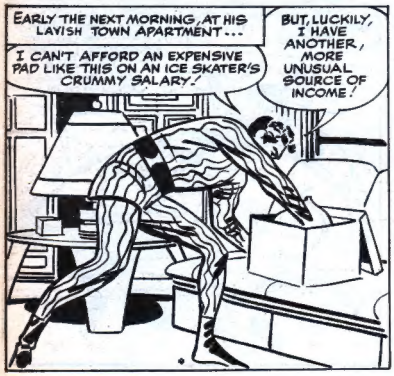

NOW I GET IT! SOMEHOW, ONE OF OUR SNOOPER ANTS SENSED THE HUMAN TOP PLANNING TO ROB DANLY'S TOMORROW MORNING AT TEN A.M.! BUT WHY WOULD THEY NOTIFY ME OF SUCH A ROUTINE CRIME?
AUG. 4
A.M.

I THINK I LIKE YOU BETTER AS ANT-MAN! SINCE YOU BECAME GIANT-SIZE, YOU THINK YOU'RE TOO GOOD FOR ANYONE OR ANY-THING!!
MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, JAN! WAIT! I'LL GET BACK TO NORMAL AND WE'LL TALK IT OVER!!

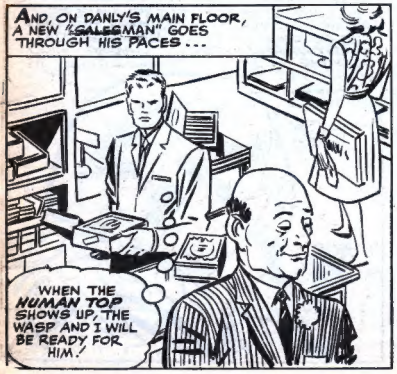
IF I SEEM TO BE GETTING TOO SWELL-HEADED, I'M SORRY, HONEY! AND I'M GRATEFUL TO YOU FOR BRINGING ME BACK TO EARTH!
YOU MAY BE BACK TO EARTH... BUT WHEN YOU CALL ME "HONEY" LIKE THAT, I'M ON CLOUD NINE!

MEANWHILE, DAVE CANNON REHEARSES FOR THE OPENING OF THE NEW ICE SHOW, WITH NO ONE SUSPECTING THAT HE IS THE NOTORIOUS HUMAN TOP!
MUSTN'T SPIN TOO FAST! DON'T WANT ANYONE PUTTING TWO AND TWO TOGETHER AND GUESSING MY LITTLE SECRET!

ALL RIGHT, CANNON! YOU LOOKED PRETTY SHARP THERE! YOU CAN KNOCK OFF TILL NEXT REHEARSAL!
I SURE WILL! I'LL KNOCK OFF DANLY'S DEPARTMENT STORE!


EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, AT HIS LAVISH TOWN APARTMENT...
I CAN'T AFFORD AN EXPENSIVE PAD LIKE THIS ON AN ICE SKATER'S CRUMMY SALARY!
BUT, LUCKILY, I HAVE ANOTHER, MORE UNUSUAL SOURCE OF INCOME!

IT'S ALMOST TIME FOR THE PAYROLL TO BE DELIVERED TO DANLY'S!
BUT THIS TIME THE HUMAN TOP WILL BE ON HAND, TO HELP THEM WITH HIS OWN LITTLE PROFIT-SHARING PLAN!


AND, ON DANLY'S MAIN FLOOR, A NEW "SALESMAN" GOES THROUGH HIS PACES...
WHEN THE HUMAN TOP SHOWS UP, THE WASP AND I WILL BE READY FOR HIM!

AND THEN, AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE SPRAWLING STORE...
HURRY IT UP, SAM! I'VE GOT A DATE TONIGHT!
RELAX! WE'LL BE OUTTA HERE IN NO TIME!
THAT'S RIGHT! NO ONE'S GONNA MESS AROUND WITH THREE ARMED PAYROLL GUARDS!

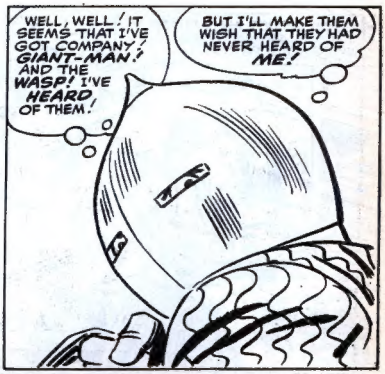
BUT THEN, LIKE A BOLT FROM THE BLUE...
HOLY COW! WHAT'S THAT?
IT..IT'S THE HUMAN TOP!!
THAT PAYROLL BAG LOOKS AWFULLY HEAVY FOR YOU THREE GUYS! LET ME GIVE YOU A HAND WITH IT...OR SHOULD I SAY, A FOOT?

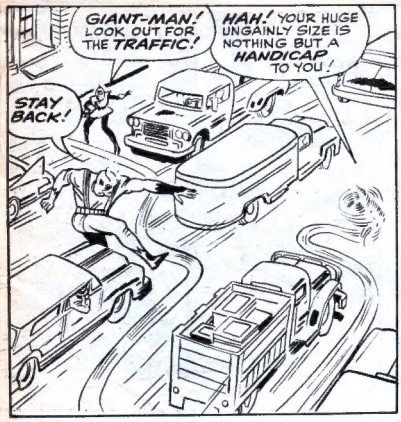
HELP!! THE STORE IS HAUNTED!
REALLY? THEN I'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE, FAST! I'M TERRIFIED OF GHOSTS!

SO THAT'S THE BIG, BAD HUMAN TOP! WELL, I'VE TACKLED LOTS WORSE THAN HIM IN MY TIME!
S-SOMEBODY DO SOMETHING!

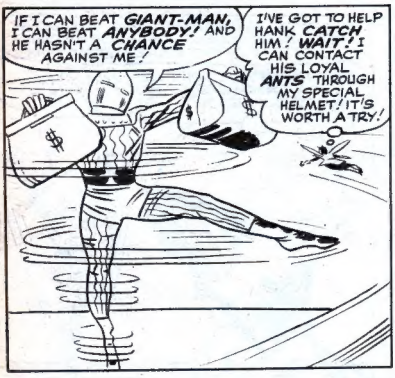
I HEAR YA TALKIN'! SO STEP ASIDE, LITTLE FRIEND!
YIPE!! AND TO THINK I BECAME A STORE DETECTIVE BECAUSE I THOUGHT IT WAS A NICE, QUIET, SAFE OCCUPATION!

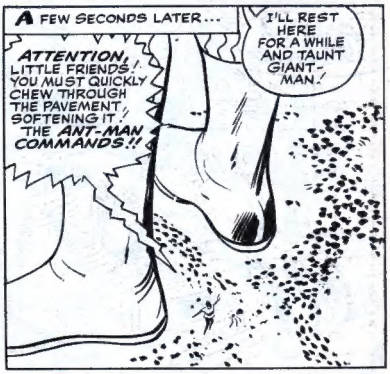
OH, NO!! STILL ANOTHER ONE! IT'S LIKE CONTEST TIME AT THE MARDI GRAS!
WAIT FOR ME, LOVER BOY!


WELL, WELL! IT SEEMS THAT I'VE GOT COMPANY! GIANT-MAN! AND THE WASP! I'VE HEARD OF THEM!
BUT I'LL MAKE THEM WISH THAT THEY HAD NEVER HEARD OF ME!

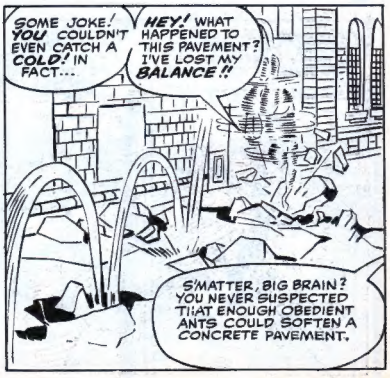

GIANT-MAN! LOOK OUT FOR THE TRAFFIC!
HAH! YOUR HUGE UNGAINLY SIZE IS NOTHING BUT A HANDICAP TO YOU!
STAY BACK!

HEY! WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING, MAC!
YEAH! GET BACK TO THE FREAK SHOW WHERE YOU BELONG!
CAREFUL! YOU'LL CAUSE A TRAFFIC ACCIDENT IF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT!
I'M NO HELP TO HIM THIS WAY! I'VE GOT TO SHRINK BACK TO WASP-SIZE!


IF I CAN BEAT GIANT-MAN, I CAN BEAT ANYBODY! AND HE HASN'T A CHANCE AGAINST ME!
I'VE GOT TO HELP HANK CATCH HIM! WAIT! I CAN CONTACT HIS LOYAL ANTS THROUGH MY SPECIAL HELMET! IT'S WORTH A TRY!

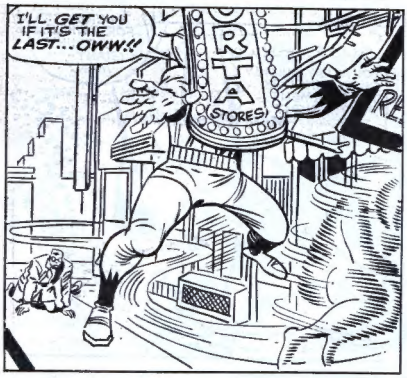

A FEW SECONDS LATER...
ATTENTION, LITTLE FRIENDS! YOU MUST QUICKLY CHEW THROUGH THE PAVEMENT, SOFTENING IT. THE ANT-MAN COMMANDS!!
I'LL REST HERE FOR A WHILE AND TAUNT GIANT-MAN!

WELL, LOOKY HERE! YOU FINALLY CAUGHT UP TO ME! NOW I KNOW YOUR STRATEGY... YOU'RE WAITING FOR ME TO DIE OF OLD AGE!
I'LL GET YOU YET, LITTLE MAN!

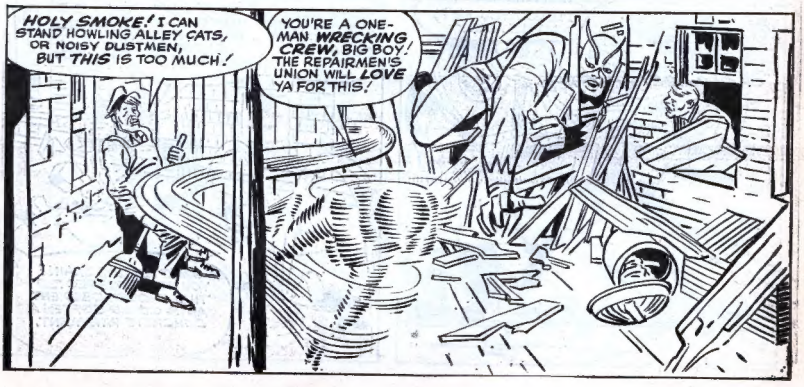

SOME JOKE! YOU COULDN'T EVEN CATCH A COLD! IN FACT...
HEY! WHAT HAPPENED TO THIS PAVEMENT? I'VE LOST MY BALANCE!!
S'MATTER, BIG BRAIN? YOU NEVER SUSPECTED THAT ENOUGH OBEDIENT ANTS COULD SOFTEN A CONCRETE PAVEMENT.

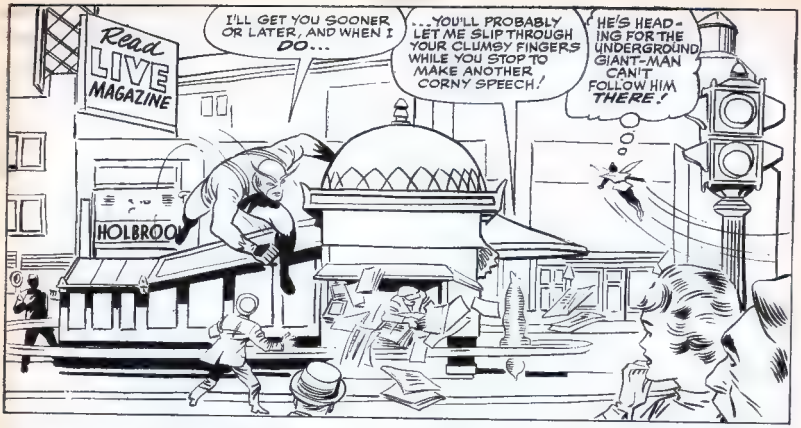
OBEDIENT ANTS? NEXT YOU'LL BE SAYIN' YOU'VE GOT GREMLINS WORKING FOR YOU, TOO!
BAH! I'LL STILL BE GONE BEFORE YOU CAN REACH ME!

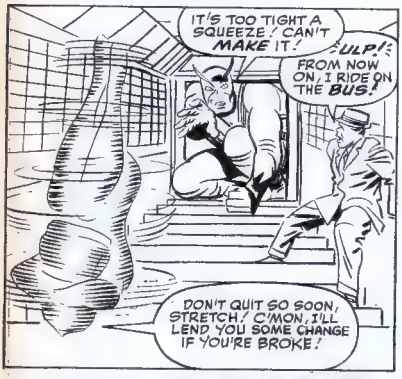
GUESS AGAIN, LOUD-MOUTH! I'VE GOT YOU NOW... YEEOPP!!
S'MATTER, BIG BRAIN? YOU NEVER SUSPECTED THAT A GUY WHO CAN SPIN AS FAST AS I, CAN ALSO ROLL OUT OF DANGER JUST AS FAST ??!


I'LL GET YOU IF IT'S THE LAST... OWW!!
STORES

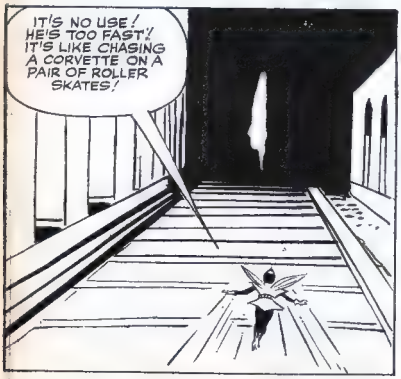
AREN'T YOU EMBARRASSED, YOU CLUMSY APE?? YOU'RE MAKING A FOOL OF YOURSELF IN FRONT OF THE WHOLE CITY!
HE'S RIGHT! IF I DON'T GET HIM, I'LL BE A LAUGHING STOCK! GOT TO TRY AGAIN!!


HOLY SMOKE! I CAN STAND HOWLING ALLEY CATS, OR NOISY DUSTMEN, BUT THIS IS TOO MUCH!
YOU'RE A ONE-MAN WRECKING CREW, BIG BOY! THE REPAIRMEN'S UNION WILL LOVE YA FOR THIS!

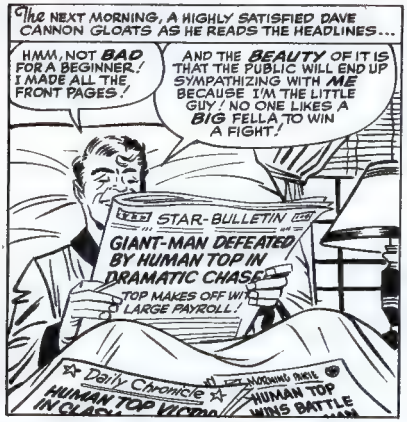

Read LIVE MAGAZINE
HOLBROO
I'LL GET YOU SOONER OR LATER, AND WHEN I DO...
...YOU'LL PROBABLY LET ME SLIP THROUGH YOUR CLUMSY FINGERS WHILE YOU STOP TO MAKE ANOTHER CORNY SPEECH!
HE'S HEADING FOR THE UNDERGROUND GIANT-MAN CAN'T FOLLOW HIM THERE!

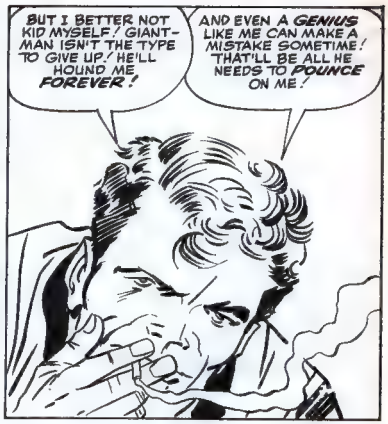

IT'S TOO TIGHT A SQUEEZE! CAN'T MAKE IT!
ULP!
FROM NOW ON, I RIDE ON THE BUS!
DON'T QUIT SO SOON, STRETCH! C'MON, I'LL LEND YOU SOME CHANGE IF YOU'RE BROKE!

CAN'T LET HIM GET AWAY! I'LL REDUCE TO NORMAL SIZE AND KEEP AFTER HIM!
I'LL TRY TO SEE WHERE HE GOES, HANK! DON'T BE LONG... I HATE BEING ALONE WITH STRANGE MEN!

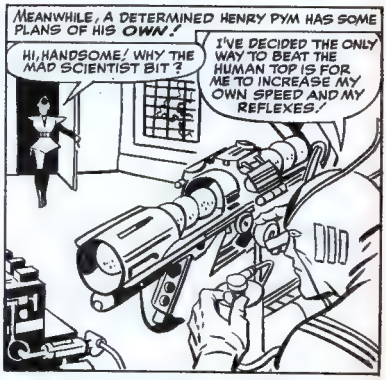

IT'S NO USE! HE'S TOO FAST! IT'S LIKE CHASING A CORVETTE ON A PAIR OF ROLLER SKATES!

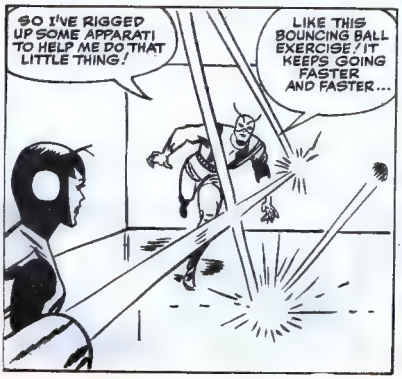
SECONDS LATER, AFTER GIANT-MAN HAS RESUMED NORMAL SIZE...
HE BEAT US AS THOUGH WE WERE A COUPLE OF AMATEURS, JAN!
WHERE DO YOU GET THAT "US" FROM? THIS WAS YOUR SHOW, PARTNER! LOOKS LIKE I JUST TAGGED ALONG FOR THE RIDE!!

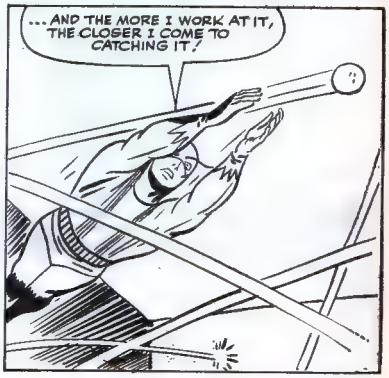

THE NEXT MORNING, A HIGHLY SATISFIED DAVE CANNON GLOATS AS HE READS THE HEADLINES...
HMM, NOT BAD FOR A BEGINNER! I MADE ALL THE FRONT PAGES!
AND THE BEAUTY OF IT IS THAT THE PUBLIC WILL END UP SYMPATHIZING WITH ME BECAUSE I'M THE LITTLE GUY! NO ONE LIKES A BIG FELLA TO WIN A FIGHT!
STAR-BULLETIN
GIANT-MAN DEFEATED BY HUMAN TOP IN DRAMATIC CHASE
TOP MAKES OFF WITH LARGE PAYROLL!
Daily Chronicle
HUMAN TOP WINS BATTLE


BUT I BETTER NOT KID MYSELF! GIANT-MAN ISN'T THE TYPE TO GIVE UP! HE'LL HOUND ME FOREVER!
AND EVEN A GENIUS LIKE ME CAN MAKE A MISTAKE SOMETIME! THAT'LL BE ALL HE NEEDS TO POUNCE ON ME!

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY FOR ME TO BE REALLY SAFE... I'VE GOT TO GET HIM BEFORE HE CAN GET ME! I'VE GOT TO FINISH HIM FOR GOOD!

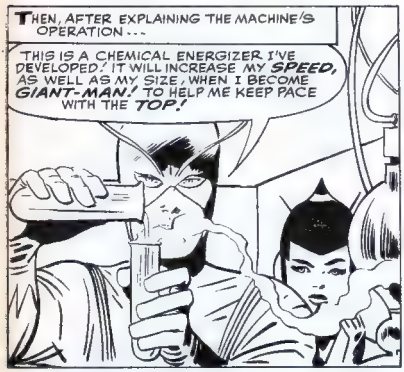

MEANWHILE, A DETERMINED HENRY PYM HAS SOME PLANS OF HIS OWN!
HI, HANDSOME! WHY THE MAD SCIENTIST BIT?
I'VE DECIDED THE ONLY WAY TO BEAT THE HUMAN TOP IS FOR ME TO INCREASE MY OWN SPEED AND MY REFLEXES!


SO I'VE RIGGED UP SOME APPARATI TO HELP ME DO THAT LITTLE THING!
LIKE THIS BOUNCING BALL EXERCISE! IT KEEPS GOING FASTER AND FASTER...

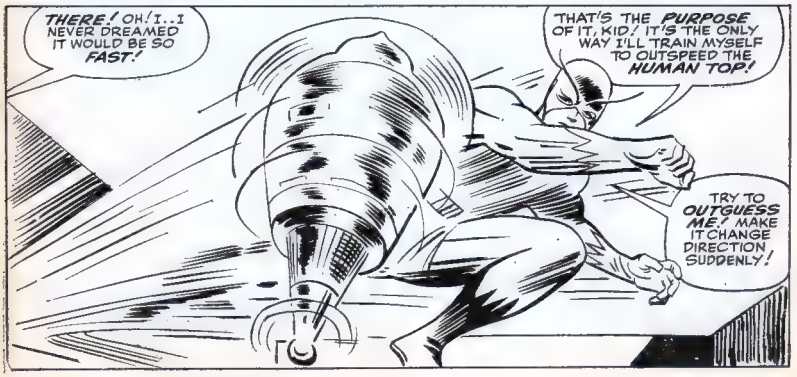

...AND THE MORE I WORK AT IT, THE CLOSER I COME TO CATCHING IT!

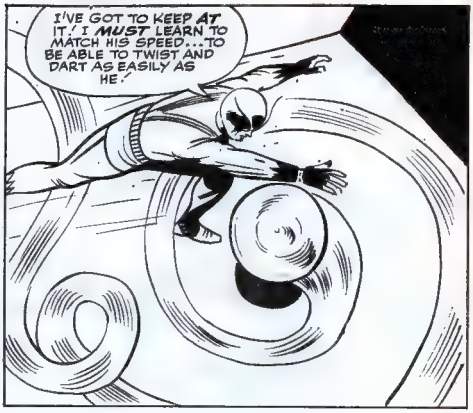
NOW THIS IS THE MOST IMPORTANT DEVICE OF ALL... AN ELECTRONIC GYRO-TOP, OPERATED BY REMOTE CONTROL!
FOR HEAVENS SAKE! ARE YOU SURE YOU HAVEN'T BEEN READING TOO MANY ISSUES OF FANTASTIC!

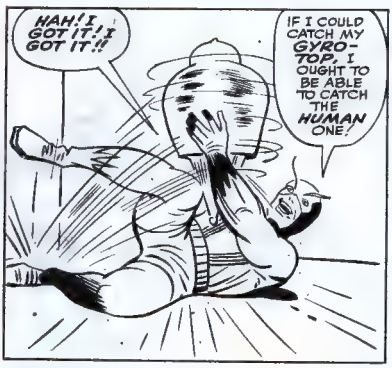
NEVER MIND THE ADOLESCENT HUMOUR, LITTLE ONE! HERE! I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO OPERATE THE GYRO-TOP...
HMMM, I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN YOU DIDN'T INVITE ME BECAUSE THE MOON WAS FULL AND YOU WANTED TO WHISPER SWEET NOTHINGS! OKAY, TALL, DARK AND DISAPPOINTING, BRIEF ME!


THEN, AFTER EXPLAINING THE MACHINE'S OPERATION...
THIS IS A CHEMICAL ENERGIZER I'VE DEVELOPED! IT WILL INCREASE MY SPEED, AS WELL AS MY SIZE, WHEN I BECOME GIANT-MAN! TO HELP ME KEEP PACE WITH THE TOP!

AS SOON AS I DRINK THIS, RELEASE THE GYRO-TOP AND THEN STAND BACK!
AS YOU COMMAND, SAHIB!


THERE! OH! I..I NEVER DREAMED IT WOULD BE SO FAST!
THAT'S THE PURPOSE OF IT, KID! IT'S THE ONLY WAY I'LL TRAIN MYSELF TO OUTSPEED THE HUMAN TOP!
TRY TO OUTGUESS ME! MAKE IT CHANGE DIRECTION SUDDENLY!





AND AS THOUGH IN ANSWER TO THE WASP'S TORTUROUS THOUGHT, THE SINISTER FORM OF THE TOP SLINKS THROUGH THE DARKENED STREETS, ABOUT TO MENACE MANKIND AGAIN!

BUT THIS TALE IS TOO BIG, TOO FILLED WITH SURPRISES YET TO COME, TO SQUEEZE INTO ONE ISSUE! AND SO, THE FINAL HALF WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK, AS GIANT-MAN AND THE HUMAN TOP FIGHT TO THE FINISH!!

CAN'T CATCH HIM--HE'S TOO *FAST* FOR ME! THIS COULD MEAN THE *END* OF GIANT-MAN!!

WHEN IT COMES TO **SPINNING** A TALE THE POWER HOUSE IS *TOPS*—AS YOU'LL SEE IN NEXT WEEK'S GIANT MAN SAGA, **SHOWDOWN WITH THE HUMAN TOP** *ORDER YOUR COPY NOW!*

GIANT-MAN, LOOK OUT! YOU'RE ABOUT TO FALL!

Power-Points are the boots that give you a secret advantage! They're light, flexible, hard-wearing. The only boots officially recommended by The English Schools Football Association.

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TERRIFIC NEWS!

SEND YOUR LETTERS TO:—
TERRIFIC
64, LONG ACRE
LONDON, W.C.2

Dear Alf and Bart,
I think your comics are so good that Brand X's will go off the market soon. My favourites are the *Avengers*, the F.F. Doc. Strange, Don Starr, Dare-Devil, and Spider-Man. Usually I buy *Terrific*, which is well named, *Fantastic* and *Pow* ! I would like to ask you a few questions. 1. When Giant Man turns into Ant Man, he never wears a cyber-netic helmet, why? 2. Why does the wasp only have wings when she is tiny? 3. Can the Thing (of F.F. fame) turn back into Ben Grimm? 4. Why does Thor not ask his father, Odin, to remove all memory of Jane Foster from his mind, and save himself a lot of trouble?
Yours Powerfully,
Blaise Egan,
Southsea,
Hants.

Hold it right there, Blaise ! Just because you may have seen Henry shrink down with his locks still on view it doesn't mean that he makes a habit of it. Remember the Cybernetic helmet has been modified to such an extent that it is part of the hood of his costume nowadays ! The reason the Wasp's wings only appear when she is insect size is because they are actually activated by the shrinking process.

The Thing can't change back to Ben Grimm at will although Mr. Fantastic has tried to work out a way to do just that several times—so far without success. As for Thor's romantic problems—we just DON'T KNOW why he doesn't do as you suggest—and we don't dare ask him !
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
I think TERRIFIC is terrific! But I hope you don't mind me critersizing (spelt wrong) you about not having a football story. If you would only put in a football story I think you would sell a few more issues. I know this won't be published because of me critersizing (done it again), but there's always that TERRIFIC chance. (Sorry about the hand-writing but that's what you get writing in bed!)
J. Khan,
29 Gloucester Road,
Walthamstow, E.17.

We put this to the vote some time ago, J.K. and the majority verdict—no football stories !

Incidentally, J.K. isn't by any means the only frantic one to say : *sorry about the handwriting . . . I'm writing in bed.* Only with some of you it's *in the bath !* Or, *on the roof !* Or, *behind my desk in school!* Wildest of all was the guy who was chased up a tree by a dog. What did he do up there ?? That's right—he wrote to Terrific ! !
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alfantastic and Barterrific,
I have just been reading Alan Brown's letter in *Terrific News* saying that power fans should write letters about events in their own lives rather than make comments about the mag. *I disagree* most strongly with this; I say keep *Terrific News* as it is. There's nothing so dull as a Brand-X type of letters page saying things like, "Our dog got trapped in the pantry." If it was a *washing-machine* then I could be interested! Whereas letters on *serious* subjects like the super-powers of *Power* are really read-worthy! Can you think of a *mixture* of brand X and Power? Something like this: *Dear Alf and Bart, Imagine my surprise on going into our shed to find our cat Muffin suspended in a space warp. This has not happened before in my family, so we were all delighted. Have any other Terrific readers had ther pets suspended in space warps in their sheds? Cecil Porringer, Dullsville* ! !
Yours, Power-Mad,
Paul Trueman,
Birmingham 32.

Nice to hear from you, P.T. Most Terrific fans seem to agree with you about this page. But if any of you DO have really EARTH SHATTERING news from the domestic front—let's hear from you anyway.
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
Are you nuts letting the twerp who calls himself Blunder Boy Williams insult the Avengers and praise Fish Face Namor? Namor should be replaced by Giant-Man or Captain America!
Yours Powerfully,
David Kemal,
Tottenham,
London, N.17.

Well, David, since you wrote your dispatch Namor *has* been replaced by Giant Man. Not—we hasten to add—because *we* thought the Sub-Mariner looked like a fish ! Matter of fact he's a mighty good looking guy. But we felt we *had* to unfold the saga of Highpockets and his lovely partner. Namor will be back, of course, one day, and till then the dreaded Blunder Boy Williams can always go swimming !
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
I am your No. 1 fan. I am a frantic one I HOPE. Could you please answer a couple of questions?
1. In twenty frantic followers there are twenty names published . . . Now here's The Question. To be in it do you have to write a letter to TEEERRRIIFFICC?
2. How tall is Giant Man?
Now here are some general comments about *Terrific:*
1. *Terrific* FOR EVER, but there should be some funnies.
2. You shouldn't waste the pages on advertisements.
3. It should cost less and should have some of the stories in colour.
I am English and Goodbye for now:
Jan Macdonald,
Dunalk,
Ireland.

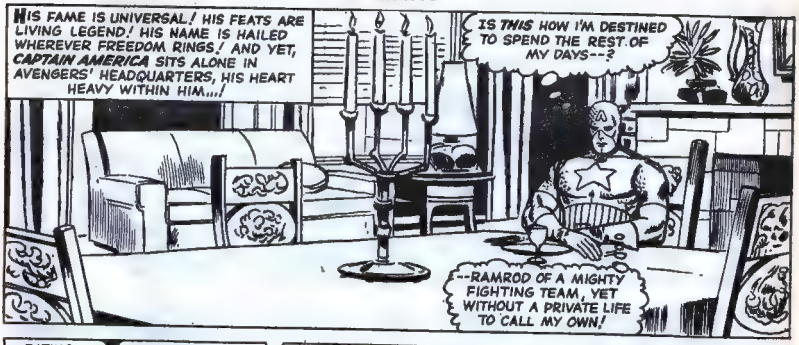
Answer 1 : The names of the Twenty Frantic Followers are taken from letters sent to all five of the Power mags, Jan. This, of course, is because THE FLOOR OF 64 *appears* in all the mags. Answer 2 : Henry Fym's height isn't exactly *constant*, after all he is the *master of many sizes* ! But Giant Man's best fighting size is 12 ft. . . . Above that his strength begins to decrease in proportion to his size so that eventually he becomes helpless. As for the suggestions : There has been a lot of head scratching, mind stretching and soul searching in the Power House about whether or not to have funnies in the mag. But the general view of you out there seems to be—no funny strips !

Perhaps one of you out there could take brother Jan Mac gently to one side and EXPLAIN to him that in this IMPERFECT world we all have to EAT and that there'd be a lot of HUNGRY men up in the garret if suggestions 2 and 3 were heeded.
Alf and Bart.

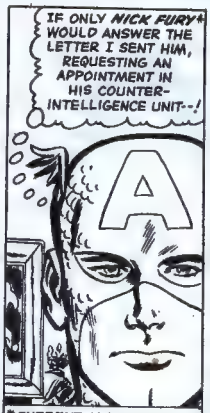
REMEMBER that we're still handing out AVENGER T-shirts to those of you with letters published on this page. So if your shirt needs changing—write!

FREE 151 DIFFERENT ALL WORLD STAMPS
given to new customers who would like to see our approval books. These contain stamps sent for your inspection from which you may buy. You may buy this offer for 3/- if you do not want the approvals. Send 4d. for postage, and if you are of school age please tell your parents. We regret that we cannot send our approval books out of Europe.
THE WULFRUNA STAMP CO. (DEPT. T1)
33 TRINITY STREET, DORCHESTER, DORSET.

THE MIGHTY AVENGERS
"WHEN THE COMMISSAR COMMANDS!"
NO, THIS FELLA'S NOT THE HULK'S LITTLE BROTHER! BUT HE IS UNBELIEVABLY POWERFUL! AND HE HAS AN INCREDIBLE AMBITION—THE COMPLETE DESTRUCTION OF THE MIGHTY AVENGERS!
Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group.1965

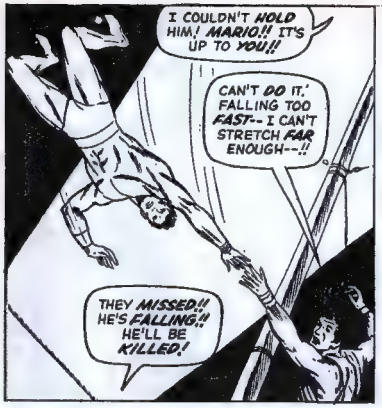


*AS ALL THE WORLD KNOWS, THE AVENGERS ARE BILLETED IN THE MANSION OF MILLIONAIRE TONY STARK-- ALF.

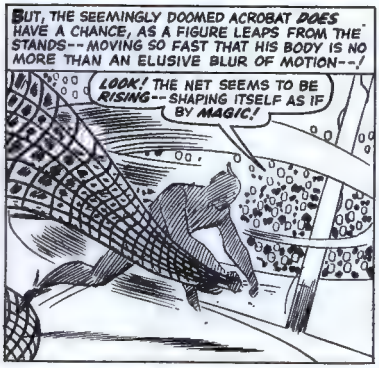


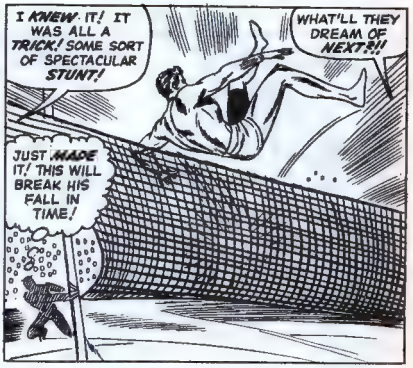
*CURRENTLY DOING HIS WAR SERVICE IN POW! BART.

AND NOW, LET US TURN TO THE AVENGERS' NEWEST MEMBERS, STARTING WITH QUICKSILVER, AND HIS SISTER, THE SCARLET WITCH...
DO NOT DISTURB ME NOW, WANDA! I AM WATCHING THE CIRCUS ACROBATS PERFORM!
THE CIRCUS! ALWAYS THE CIRCUS! BUT I HAVE SOMETHING FOR YOU PIETRO--!
I HAVE TWO TICKETS FOR "TWELFTH NIGHT" AT THE REPERTORY THEATRE!
IT'S FUNNY YOU SHOULD MENTION THAT...
I HAVE JUST BOUGHT TWO TICKETS TO--THE CIRCUS!
ADMIT ONE
AND SO...
ALL MY LIFE I HAVE DREAMED OF BEING AN ACTRESS! HOW I LOVE THE THEATRE!
WHILE, ACROSS TOWN...
IF ONLY IT COULD BE ME UPON THAT TRAPEZE!
YOUR HAND!! QUICKLY--YOUR HAND!
A SUDDEN MUSCLE CRAMP!! I CAN'T REACH YOU!
BUT, I'D NEVER DARE! WITH MY GREAT SPEED, MEN WOULD SOON SUSPECT THAT I AM A MUTANT, AND THEN--
WOW! THEY PULL ALL THE STOPS TO MAKE IT LOOK SCARY!
WAIT! THEIR TIMING IS OFF! HE'S IN TROUBLE!

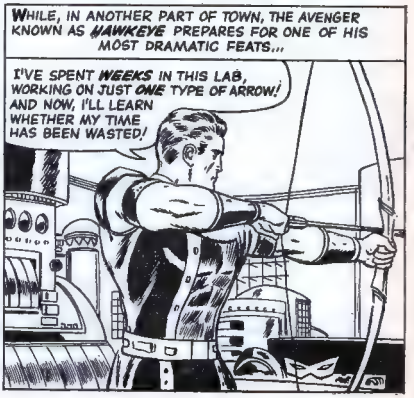

I COULDN'T HOLD HIM! MARIO!! IT'S UP TO YOU!!
CAN'T DO IT! FALLING TOO FAST-- I CAN'T STRETCH FAR ENOUGH--!!
THEY MISSED!! HE'S FALLING!! HE'LL BE KILLED!

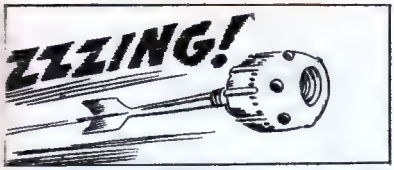
HE'LL HIT THE GROUND WITHIN SECONDS! THERE'S NO NET TO STOP HIM!
HE--HE HASN'T A CHANCE!

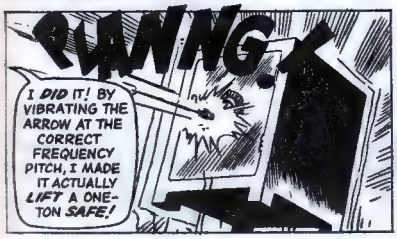

BUT, THE SEEMINGLY DOOMED ACROBAT DOES HAVE A CHANCE, AS A FIGURE LEAPS FROM THE STANDS--MOVING SO FAST THAT HIS BODY IS NO MORE THAN AN ELUSIVE BLUR OF MOTION--!
LOOK! THE NET SEEMS TO BE RISING--SHAPING ITSELF AS IF BY MAGIC!

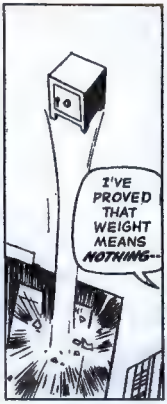

I KNEW IT! IT WAS ALL A TRICK! SOME SORT OF SPECTACULAR STUNT!
WHAT'LL THEY DREAM OF NEXT?!!
JUST MADE IT! THIS WILL BREAK HIS FALL IN TIME!

SECONDS LATER, AS THE OVERJOYED PERFORMER WALKS SAFELY AWAY...
I DON'T KNOW HOW IT HAPPENED--BUT I'M NOT COMPLAINING!
YOU WERE VERY FORTUNATE, MY FRIEND!


WHILE, IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN, THE AVENGER KNOWN AS HAWKEYE PREPARES FOR ONE OF HIS MOST DRAMATIC FEATS...
I'VE SPENT WEEKS IN THIS LAB, WORKING ON JUST ONE TYPE OF ARROW! AND NOW, I'LL LEARN WHETHER MY TIME HAS BEEN WASTED!

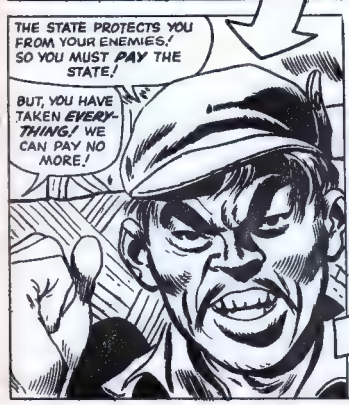

ZZZING!


PLANNG
I DID IT! BY VIBRATING THE ARROW AT THE CORRECT FREQUENCY PITCH, I MADE IT ACTUALLY LIFT A ONE-TON SAFE!

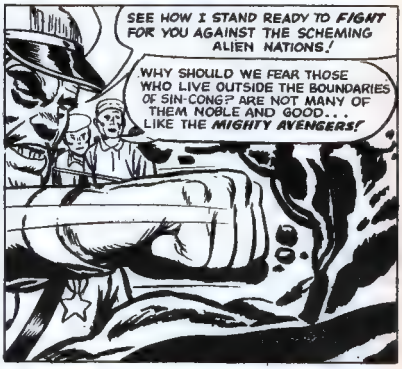

I'VE PROVED THAT WEIGHT MEANS NOTHING--

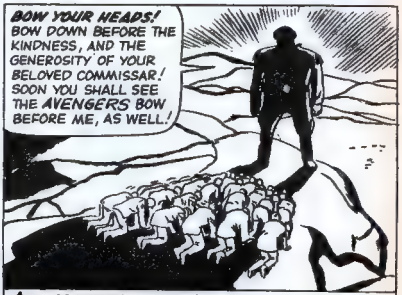
--PROVIDED THE ULTRA-SONIC VIBRATION IS PERFECTLY PITCHED!
NOW I'LL SEND A MOVING CREW TO REPLACE THE SAFE!

BUT, LET US TURN FROM THE AVENGERS, AND DIRECT OUR ATTENTION HALF-WAY AROUND THE WORLD, TO THE UNFORTUNATE BANDIT-RULED STATE OF SIN-CONG--!
YOU HAVE BEEN TOO SLOW IN PAYING YOUR TAXES! THIS IS A BAD THING!


THE STATE PROTECTS YOU FROM YOUR ENEMIES! SO YOU MUST PAY THE STATE!
BUT, YOU HAVE TAKEN EVERYTHING! WE CAN PAY NO MORE!

WHO SPOKE THOSE TREASONABLE WORDS?! WHO DARES DEFY MY COMMAND?!
IS THIS HOW YOU REPAY THE GENEROSITY OF OUR BELOVED COMMISSAR?? SEE HOW YOU HAVE OFFENDED HIM! BOW YOUR HEADS IN SHAME, UNDESERVING ONES!





AND SO WE LEAVE THE "PROTECTOR OF THE WEAK", AS HIS FORBIDDING SHADOW FALLS OVER HIS HELPLESS SUBJECTS AND SPREADS LIKE A VIRUS ACROSS THE CONQUERED LAND. NEXT WEEK WE WILL BE BACK...WITH THE AVENGERS!!

HELP!

Is this the end of the world ?!! TERRIFIC'S gallant Captain America in a life and death struggle with the golden Ex-Avenger—Iron Man! What fiendish strategem lies behind this terrible battle of old comrades ?! What power of evil gloats behind the scenes ?? You'll find out in this week's FANTASTIC!!!

news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

IT HAPPENS, EVEN IN THE QUIETEST FAMILIES! One minute everything is as peaceful and full of brotherly love as it *should* be . . . then *BAMMMM*! Everyone is falling out with one another!! It's bad enough when it happens amongst ordinary folk like you and us . . . but when SUPER-HEROES fall out . . . then STAND CLEAR!!

And that's exactly what's going on right now! This very week! In POW our web-slinging SPIDERMAN, not satisfied with all the villains going around who *need* his special brand of clobbering, has to do battle with that SMASH-based favourite DAREDEVIL!

As for FANTASTIC—well, see above! Maybe it's something in the air! And it's got us worried! If *we* start scrapping, what would happen to the mags ?!!

MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE...

Joyce Tobin, Bootle, Lancs.; Gary Blatch, Kings Lynn, Norfolk; Pamela Addis, Nelson, Glamorganshire; Timothy Newton, Maidenhead, Berks.; Simon Keighley, Hampstead, London, N.W.3; Geraldine Smith, Lowestoft, Suffolk; Robert Giles, Grimsby, Lincs; Pauline Grimshaw, Weymouth, Dorset; Lorna Carlton-Ellis, Canterbury, Kent; Andrew Gates, Chesham, Bucks.; Stephen Garner, Woking, Surrey; Glenn Clarke, Victoria, Australia; Ian Maxwell, Glasgow, Scotland; Greg Wilson, Ilfracombe, Devon; Charlotte Cook, Winchmore Hill, London, N.21; Ann Wood, Coventry, Warks.; Howard Wesley, Worthing, Sussex; Helen Caddick, Deeside, Flintshire; Dolores Meredith, Hayes, Middlesex; Brian Heath, Brierley Hill, Staffs.

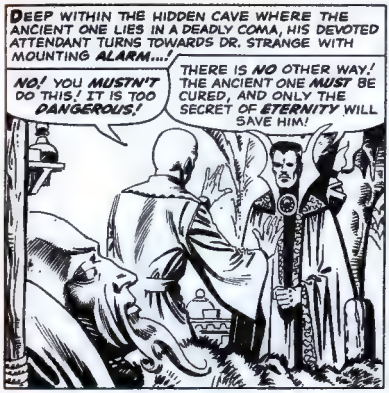
We're going to say it again. If we manage to give you the kind of comics you want it's because your LETTERS have helped show us how to do it. And if you haven't received an answer to *your* letter don't think that it hasn't been *read*! Because, believe us, you couldn't be more wrong!

Every day ALL the readers' mail goes to a very, very hardworking CORRESPONDENCE DEPARTMENT. Here, Jocular Jessie Starke (no relation at all to FANTASTIC'S IRON MAN!), 'Mazing Marguerite 'Mincher and their colleagues record every suggestion, every point of criticism or praise in EVERY letter! Then the letters are rebundled and sent to the appropriate editorial team who read them *again* . . . this time with a view to choosing those that will make the interesting additions to the Letters Pages.

So, be sure about it, everything you write to us plays its vital part in the development of Power Comics as the best papers of their type in the business. But excuse us, *please*, if we can't personally answer them all for we'd need DOUBLE the staff to even have a *hope* of doing that. And forgive us if YOUR letter hasn't yet been published . . . there are so many that deserve to be shown but we have to short-list even those, for otherwise we'd have no room in the papers for anything else (like your favourite fiction, for instance!!)

Above all, never forget how honest-to-goodness HELPFUL you are to us! So try to make those letters REALLY interesting . . . and keep them rolling in!

Dr. STRANGE
MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS!
"WHEN MEET THE MYSTIC MINDS!"
HAVING TRIED IN VAIN TO LEARN THE SECRET OF "ETERNITY" (THE ONLY THING THAT CAN SAVE THE ANCIENT ONE), DR. STRANGE PLANS A DESPERATE STEP... HE WILL ATTEMPT TO LEARN THE SECRET BY PRYING IT FROM THE BRAIN OF THE ANCIENT ONE HIMSELF...
Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group.1965


DEEP WITHIN THE HIDDEN CAVE WHERE THE ANCIENT ONE LIES IN A DEADLY COMA, HIS DEVOTED ATTENDANT TURNS TOWARDS DR. STRANGE WITH MOUNTING ALARM...!
NO! YOU MUSTN'T DO THIS! IT IS TOO DANGEROUS!
THERE IS NO OTHER WAY! THE ANCIENT ONE MUST BE CURED, AND ONLY THE SECRET OF ETERNITY WILL SAVE HIM!

BUT, HE IS SO WEAK! IF SOMETHING GOES WRONG-- THE SLIGHTEST SHOCK COULD BE FATAL!
I AM AWARE OF THAT, TRUSTED ONE! BUT, DO NOT FORGET THE DREAD DORMAMMU, AND BARON MORDO! THIS IS OUR ONLY CHANCE TO DEFEAT THEM!

AS THE ANCIENT ONE'S TRUE DISCIPLE, THE DECISION IS YOURS ALONE TO MAKE! I CAN SAY NO MORE!
THEN LEAVE US NOW! THE DEED MUST BE DONE!

FORGIVE MY TEARS, DR. STRANGE! BUT, IF ANYTHING SHOULD GO WRONG--IF ANY HARM SHOULD BEFALL OUR MASTER--
I SWEAR BY THE OMNIPOTENT OSHTUR-- I SHALL GUARD HIS SAFETY WITH MY VERY LIFE!

THEN, DO WHAT YOU MUST, MASTER OF CONJURATION! TRULY I KNOW THAT YOU VALUE HIS WELFARE ABOVE ALL ELSE!
HE HAS BEEN MY TEACHER, MY PROTECTOR-- AND MORE THAN A FATHER!

HE CHOSE WISELY WHEN HE SELECTED YOU AS HIS FAVOURED ONE! WHATEVER BEFALLS, HE SHALL KNOW THAT YOU DID YOUR BEST-- NONE COULD DO MORE!

AND SO, I LEAVE YOU TO THE MOST AWESOME TASK ANY MORTAL HAS EVER FACED! MAY THE ETERNAL VISHANTI BE EVER AT THY SIDE! SALAAM, MAN OF MYSTERY!
THE TIME IS NOW! THERE CAN BE NO TURNING BACK!

AND SO BEGINS ONE OF THE MOST INCREDIBLE CONFRONTATIONS EVER DEPICTED FOR MORTAL EYES TO BEHOLD...
I MUST CONSTANTLY BATHE THE ANCIENT ONE IN THE LIGHT OF MY AMULET, TO CONTINUALLY PROVIDE THE ENERGY HE WILL NEED FOR THE ORDEAL AHEAD!
ALTHOUGH, IN SO DOING, I MAKE IT MORE DIFFICULT FOR MYSELF, SINCE THE AMULET'S POWER WILL HELP HIM TO RESIST THE PROBING OF MY MYSTIC EYE!
IT IS AS I FEARED! ALREADY HIS MIND CREATES A SHIELD TO PREVENT MY MENTAL ONSLAUGHT!
BUT, I MUST NOT FALTER! I MUST CONTINUE MY PROBE! SLOWLY, I AM PENETRATING HIS MENTAL BARRIER!
BUT, WAIT! HE IS RESORTING TO ANOTHER MEASURE! I CAN SENSE THE SUBTLE, UNSEEN SHIFTING OF HIS DEFENCE!
SOMETHING IS TAKING SHAPE--FORMING--APPEARING BEFORE MY VERY EYES! BUT--WHAT CAN IT BE?
THEN, SUDDENLY, WITH THE IMPACT OF A LIGHTNING-BURST, A DAZZLING, BLINDING, NERVE-SHATTERING FLASH APPEARS--!

BEFORE DR. STRANGE CAN MAKE A MOVE, A BOLT OF PURE UNEARTHLY POWER STRIKES THE UNPROTECTED MYSTIC EYE...!
...BLINDING IT, AND THUS RENDERING IT COMPLETELY USELESS, UNTIL THE STUNNING SHOCK-EFFECT CAN WEAR OFF!
HE HAS DESTROYED THE EFFECTIVENESS OF THE MYSTIC EYE! YET, I MUST REACH INTO HIS BRAIN! I CANNOT BE TURNED BACK NOW!
THE POWER OF TELEPATHY MAY YET SUCCEED...!
HEAR MY WORDS, VENERABLE ANCIENT ONE! HEAR THE WORDS OF THY DISCIPLE, DOCTOR STRANGE...!
YOU MUST NOT RESIST ME! YOU MUST TELL ME OF ETERNITY! YOU MUST TELL ME ALL!
STILL NO RESPONSE! BUT, I MUST CONTINUE!
BUT, SO INTENT UPON WHAT HE IS DOING IS THE MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS, THAT HE FAILS TO NOTICE THE SHIMMERING MENTAL AURA SLOWLY FORMING AROUND HIS HEAD....!
ONLY WITH YOUR HELP CAN I DO WHAT MUST BE DONE! HEAR ME, ANCIENT ONE...
AND THEN, A FEW BRIEF SECONDS LATER...
A MENTAL MIND TRAP! HE'S TRYING TO CLOUD MY BRAIN!
HE DOES HEAR ME IN HIS COMA--BUT HE DOES NOT BELIEVE!

IT IS LIKE FIGHTING MYSELF! MY OWN AMULET GIVES HIM THE STRENGTH TO RESIST ME--
AND YET, I DARE NOT REMOVE IT FROM HIM, FOR HE SORELY NEEDS ITS ENERGY!

BUT, I MUST BATTLE THE MIND TRAP WITH ALL MY STRENGTH! HIS HOLD MUST BE WEAKENED! THE CLOUD MUST BE LIFTED! I MUST REACH HIM!

THEN, AFTER LONG, TORTUROUS MINUTES...
THE TRAP WEAKENS! I FEEL IT LIFTING!

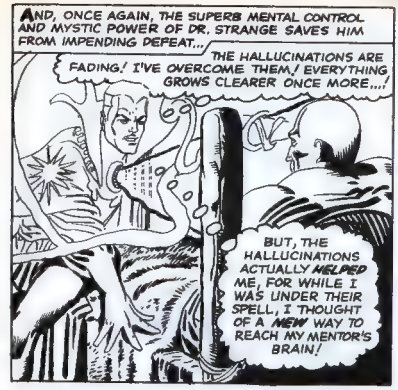
I'VE DONE IT! MY MIND IS FREE AGAIN!

WEAK AND UNSTEADY FROM THE EPIC ORDEAL, DR. STRANGE SITS MOTIONLESS AS HIS OWN NATURAL POWER AND MYSTIC FORCE SLOWLY RETURN TO HIM! AND THEN...
I CAN WAIT NO LONGER! I MUST TRY AGAIN!

MASTER, YOUR DISCIPLE ENTREATS YOU-- BE NOT ON GUARD AGAINST DR. STRANGE....!

BUT, ONCE AGAIN, THE MOST VENERATED SORCERER OF ALL STRIKES OUT AT HIS ANGUISHED DISCIPLE....!
ANOTHER MIND TRAP!

AND, ONCE MORE, BEFORE DR. STRANGE CAN EVADE THE AWESOME AURA...
IT HAS ENCIRCLED ME AGAIN! BUT, THIS IS A NEW MENTAL WEAPON -- WITH A DIFFERENT POWER!
IT IS THE MOST DANGEROUS ONE OF ALL -- FOR IT FEEDS MY BRAIN HALLUCINATIONS!
I CANNOT TELL WHAT IS REAL, OR WHAT IS IMAGINARY!
UNLESS I CAN SHATTER THIS WEB OF WONDERMENT, ALL IS LOST! MY MISSION WILL BE FORGOTTEN -- I WILL BE DOOMED TO A LIFE OF AIMLESS IMAGERY!
EVEN IN A COMA, HOVERING ON THE BRINK OF DEATH -- THE POWER OF THE ANCIENT ONE IS VIRTUALLY BEYOND BELIEF!
BUT, I MUST FIGHT -- FIGHT AS NEVER BEFORE! I MUST REGAIN CONTROL OF MY SENSES -- RETURN TO REALITY -- FOR, IF I FALTER NOW, I SHALL HAVE LOST FOREVER!
MY ONLY CHANCE IS TO CONCENTRATE -- WITH EVERY FIBRE OF MY BEING -- FOCUS MY MIND ON THE ANCIENT ONE -- ON NOTHING ELSE! CONCENTRATE! CONCENTRATE!

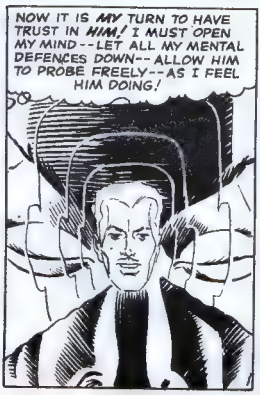

AND, ONCE AGAIN, THE SUPERB MENTAL CONTROL AND MYSTIC POWER OF DR. STRANGE SAVES HIM FROM IMPENDING DEFEAT...
THE HALLUCINATIONS ARE FADING! I'VE OVERCOME THEM! EVERYTHING GROWS CLEARER ONCE MORE....!
BUT, THE HALLUCINATIONS ACTUALLY HELPED ME, FOR WHILE I WAS UNDER THEIR SPELL, I THOUGHT OF A NEW WAY TO REACH MY MENTOR'S BRAIN!

I'LL RESORT TO THE ONE THING HE MUST RECOGNIZE! I'LL SEND ACTUAL MENTAL IMAGES OF MYSELF TO HIM!
VENERABLE MASTER, THIS IS DR. STRANGE! SEE--MY WORDS ARE TRUE--I AM DOCTOR STRANGE!

I AM DR. STRANGE!
HEAR ME, ANCIENT ONE!
IT IS THY DISCIPLE!
OPEN YOUR MIND TO ME, MASTER!

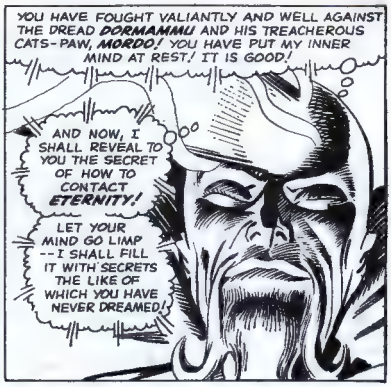
FINALLY, WHEN THE NEARLY-EXHAUSTED YOUNGER MAN FEELS HE IS TOTTERING ON THE BRINK OF FATAL DEFEAT, AN UNEXPECTED RAY SHINES FORTH FROM THE BROW OF THE SILENT SORCERER...

AT LAST! HE'S PROBING ME--MEASURING MY FEATURES--TESTING TO SEE IF I REALLY AM THE ONE I CLAIM TO BE!


NOW IT IS MY TURN TO HAVE TRUST IN HIM! I MUST OPEN MY MIND--LET ALL MY MENTAL DEFENCES DOWN--ALLOW HIM TO PROBE FREELY--AS I FEEL HIM DOING!

AND THEN, IN AN INSTANT, DR. STRANGE REALIZES HIS BATTLE IS WON!
THOU ART TRULY MY TRUSTED DISCIPLE! I GREET THEE, DR. STRANGE!

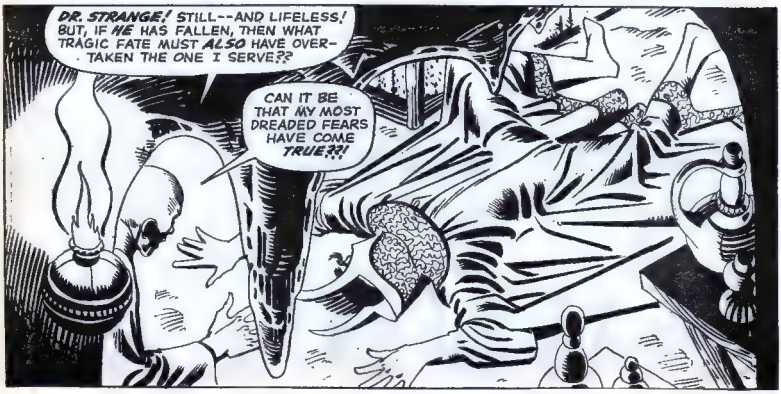
MASTER! THE HOSTS OF HOGGOTH BE PRAISED! I HAVE CONTACTED THEE AT LAST!
YOUR ORDEAL--YOUR THOUGHTS--EVERYTHING THAT HAS HAPPENED, ARE ALL CLEAR TO ME, FOR I HAVE SEEN THEM IN THY BRAIN, MY SON!


YOU HAVE FOUGHT VALIANTLY AND WELL AGAINST THE DREAD DORMAMMU AND HIS TREACHEROUS CATS-PAW, MORDO! YOU HAVE PUT MY INNER MIND AT REST! IT IS GOOD!
AND NOW, I SHALL REVEAL TO YOU THE SECRET OF HOW TO CONTACT ETERNITY!
LET YOUR MIND GO LIMP --I SHALL FILL IT WITH SECRETS THE LIKE OF WHICH YOU HAVE NEVER DREAMED!

AND THEN, AFTER IT IS DONE...
AT LAST I HAVE THE KNOWLEDGE I HAVE SO LONG SOUGHT!
AFTER GIVING YOU AN ADDITIONAL SUPPLY OF ENERGY FROM MY AMULET, I SHALL LEAVE, MASTER!
IT IS TIME--FOR I GROW WEARY ONCE MORE...!

WHILE, OUTSIDE THE SILENT CHAMBER, THE ANCIENT ONE'S DEVOTED ATTENDANT GROWS EVER MORE FEARFUL...
THERE HAS BEEN NO SOUND --NO SIGN! I MUST SEE IF ALL IS WELL!

THUS, HE RE-ENTERS THE ANCIENT ONE'S SANCTUM, ONLY TO SEE...
WHAT HAS HAPPENED?? WHAT, IN THE NAME OF RAGGADORR CAN THIS MEAN??

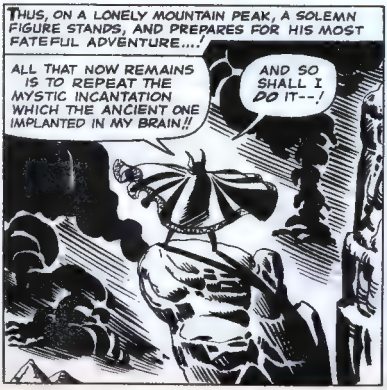

DR. STRANGE! STILL--AND LIFELESS! BUT, IF HE HAS FALLEN, THEN WHAT TRAGIC FATE MUST ALSO HAVE OVER-TAKEN THE ONE I SERVE??
CAN IT BE THAT MY MOST DREADED FEARS HAVE COME TRUE??!

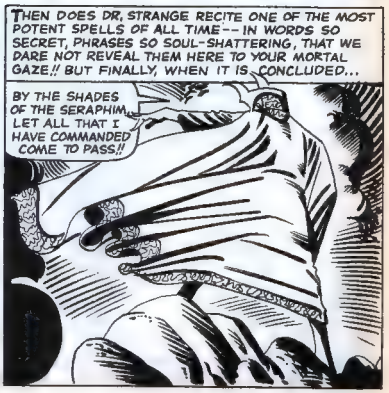
BUT THEN, THE STILL FIGURE BEGINS TO STIR-- TO SLOWLY SIT UPRIGHT--
DR. STRANGE! I THOUGHT-- I FEARED THAT--!
ALL IS WELL, FAITHFUL ONE! THE STRAIN WAS TOO GREAT! BUT, I AM RECOVERED NOW!

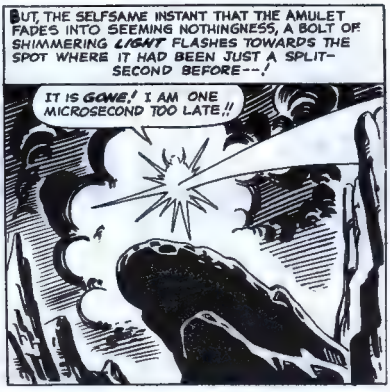
AND, WHAT OF THE ANCIENT ONE?? AHH, THERE IS NO NEED TO ANSWER!
HIS FACE IS MORE RELAXED--MORE PEACEFUL THAN I HAVE SEEN IT FOR LONG WEEKS!

BUT, WHAT OF YOU?? SURELY YOU DO NOT LEAVE US SO SOON?
I MUST! THE GREATEST TASK STILL LIES AHEAD OF ME-- AND EVERY MOMENT IS TOO PRECIOUS TO WASTE!

MAY YOUR MISSION MEET WITH SUCCESS! MAY YOU FIND ETERNITY!
I MUST GO FAR FROM THIS PLACE! THE SPELL I AM TO CAST IS TOO STRONG-- THERE MUST BE NO ONE NEARBY!


THUS, ON A LONELY MOUNTAIN PEAK, A SOLEMN FIGURE STANDS, AND PREPARES FOR HIS MOST FATEFUL ADVENTURE...!
ALL THAT NOW REMAINS IS TO REPEAT THE MYSTIC INCANTATION WHICH THE ANCIENT ONE IMPLANTED IN MY BRAIN!!
AND SO SHALL I DO IT--!


THEN DOES DR. STRANGE RECITE ONE OF THE MOST POTENT SPELLS OF ALL TIME-- IN WORDS SO SECRET, PHRASES SO SOUL-SHATTERING, THAT WE DARE NOT REVEAL THEM HERE TO YOUR MORTAL GAZE!! BUT FINALLY, WHEN IT IS CONCLUDED...
BY THE SHADES OF THE SERAPHIM, LET ALL THAT I HAVE COMMANDED COME TO PASS!!



NEXT WEEK:

Dr. STRANGE FINDS ETERNITY!

NO MERE WORDS OF OURS CAN ADD ANY DRAMA, ANY ADDITIONAL IMPACT, TO WHAT THAT MOMENTOUS PHRASE PORTENDS! SO, BE WITH US NEXT WEEK. FOR OUR TALE OF TALES... AND, MAY THE SHADES OF THE SHADOWY DEMONS NE'ER CROSS THY CHOSEN PATH!

APPOINTMENT WITH FEAR!

HAVING GONE A WHOLE YEAR WITHOUT A HOLIDAY, HAVING BEEN KNOCKED ON THE HEAD, SHOT AT, KICKED IN THE RIBS, AND GENERALLY MALTREATED, SPECIAL SECURITY AGENT DON STARR FELT HE DESERVED A BREAK. INSTEAD... TWO MEN WITH GUNS WHISK HIM OFF IN A CAR TO A MANSION DEEP IN THE COUNTRY...

I'D STILL LIKE TO KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON! WHY ALL THE MYSTERY?

DON'T ASK US! WE WERE SIMPLY TOLD TO BRING YOU HERE—AND THE MAN WE WORK FOR DOESN'T ENCOURAGE US TO ASK QUESTIONS!

AND YOU'LL FIND **HIM** INSIDE!

AS DON CLIMBS THE STEPS THE FRONT DOOR CREAKS OPEN...

COME IN, MR. STARR! WE HAVE BEEN AWAITING YOUR ARRIVAL MOST ANXIOUSLY! **MOST** ANXIOUSLY!

IT'S ALWAYS COMFORTING TO FEEL **WANTED!**

BUT INSIDE THE MANSION STARR FINDS ONLY A SERIES OF EMPTY ROOMS!

THE PLACE IS DESERTED! AND YET I HEARD A VOICE!

YOU CAN HAVE THIS GAME ON YOUR OWN, MISTER! I'VE GOT BETTER THINGS TO DO—LIKE WALKING TO THE NEAREST MAIN ROAD!

AS DON TURNS TO LEAVE A DOOR SLIDES SHUT BEHIND HIM...

A STEEL DOOR WITH NO HANDLE OR LOCK!

DON'T BOTHER TO BRUISE YOUR FINGERS ON IT, MR. STARR. I WOULDN'T WANT YOU TO HURT YOURSELF—**YET!**

A BEAM OF LIGHT SUDDENLY REVEALS AN OLD ENEMY...

DOCTOR FEAR! THE EVIL GENIUS WHO TERRORIZED MANKIND BY TAKING CONTROL OF MEN'S MINDS! BUT... BUT YOU'RE DEAD! RUBBERMAN TOLD ME HE'S SEEN YOU KILLED WITH HIS OWN EYES!

AN UNDERSTANDABLE MISTAKE, STARR—BUT NEVERTHELESS A MISTAKE!

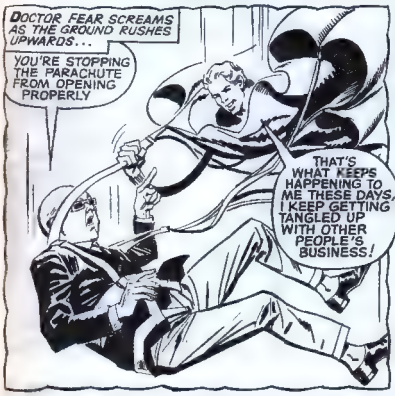
FOR THE BENEFIT OF YOU FRANTIC FOLLOWERS WHO MAY HAVE HAD THE MISFORTUNE TO MISS THE ENCOUNTER BETWEEN DOCTOR FEAR AND RUBBERMAN [redacted], LAST YEAR, HERE IS A BRIEF GLIMPSE OF THE FINAL STAGES [redacted]...

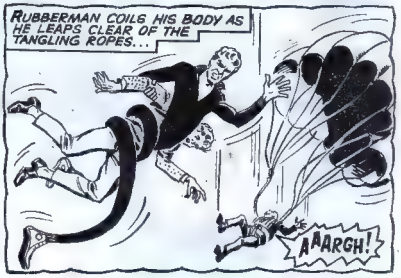
RUBBERMAN AND THE YOUNG REPORTER RECOVER FROM THE STUNNER BULLETS AND FIND THEMSELVES IN AN AIRCRAFT...

CLICK!

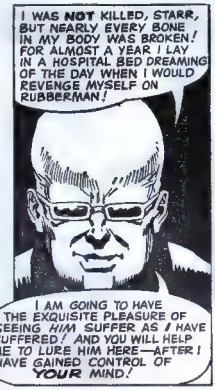
BUT AS DOCTOR FEAR'S PARACHUTE OPENS...
HEY UUUHHH!

RUBBERMAN IS TUGGED AWAY FROM THE EARTH-BOUND AIRCRAFT...
YOU BROUGHT US UP HERE, FEAR. YOU TAKE US DOWN!


DOCTOR FEAR SCREAMS AS THE GROUND RUSHES UPWARDS...
YOU'RE STOPPING THE PARACHUTE FROM OPENING PROPERLY
THAT'S WHAT KEEPS HAPPENING TO ME THESE DAYS, I KEEP GETTING TANGLED UP WITH OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS!


RUBBERMAN COILS HIS BODY AS HE LEAPS CLEAR OF THE TANGLING ROPES...
AAARGH!

IT WAS A BAD END—EVEN FOR AN EVIL MAN LIKE HIM!


I WAS NOT KILLED, STARR, BUT NEARLY EVERY BONE IN MY BODY WAS BROKEN! FOR ALMOST A YEAR I LAY IN A HOSPITAL BED DREAMING OF THE DAY WHEN I WOULD REVENGE MYSELF ON RUBBERMAN!
I AM GOING TO HAVE THE EXQUISITE PLEASURE OF SEEING HIM SUFFER AS I HAVE SUFFERED! AND YOU WILL HELP ME TO LURE HIM HERE—AFTER I HAVE GAINED CONTROL OF YOUR MIND!

MY LEGS MAY BE USELESS, BUT THIS WHEEL CHAIR DOES NOT MEAN I AM HELPLESS—AS YOU SEE!

YOU DISAPPOINT ME, STARR! SURELY YOU REALISED I AM BEHIND BULLET-PROOF GLASS!
I BELIEVE THAT IS AN EIGHT-SHOT AUTOMATIC YOU HAVE... SO NOW YOU HAVE ONLY FIVE BULLETS IN YOUR GUN. USE THEM SPARINGLY—YOU WILL NEED EVERY ONE!

I WILL LEAVE YOU NOW—BUT YOU WON'T BE LONELY FOR LONG!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT COMES NEXT—BUT I KNOW I'M NOT GOING TO LIKE IT ONE LITTLE BIT! HE DIDN'T GET THE NAME DOCTOR FEAR FOR NOTHING!

HE DOES NOT HAVE LONG TO WAIT FOR THE PROMISED VISITOR...

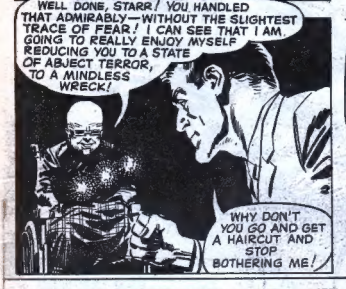
TWO BULLETS STRAIGHT INTO HIS CHEST WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST EFFECT! IF THIS MONSTER GETS HIS HANDS ON ME HE'LL CRUSH ME TO PULP!

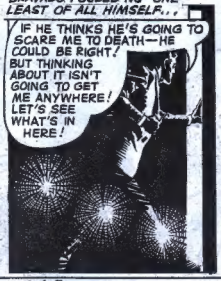
I'M SURE TARZAN WOULD KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH A SITUATION LIKE THIS—BUT I'M NO TARZAN!

OR AM I?

IT'S PROBABLY LIKE TRYING TO STOP A TANK WITH A PING-PONG BALL— BUT IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE!

I'VE KNOCKED ITS HEAD OFF! IT...IT WAS NOTHING MORE THAN A ROBOT!


WELL DONE, STARR! YOU HANDLED THAT ADMIRABLY—WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST TRACE OF FEAR! I CAN SEE THAT I AM GOING TO REALLY ENJOY MYSELF REDUCING YOU TO A STATE OF ABJECT TERROR, TO A MINDLESS WRECK!
WHY DON'T YOU GO AND GET A HAIRCUT AND STOP BOTHERING ME!


DOCTOR FEAR'S CHUCKLE HANGS IN THE AIR AS HE AGAIN DISAPPEARS. BUT DON'S SHOW OF BRAVADO FOOLED NO-ONE LEAST OF ALL HIMSELF...
IF HE THINKS HE'S GOING TO SCARE ME TO DEATH—HE COULD BE RIGHT! BUT THINKING ABOUT IT ISN'T GOING TO GET ME ANYWHERE! LET'S SEE WHAT'S IN HERE!

DON SOON FINDS OUT...
MORE HAIR RAISING TRICKS FROM DR. FEAR, NEXT WEEK!

Look for the new
EAGLE
THE MODERN PAPER FOR THE MODERN BOY!
READ ABOUT...
THE SOUND THAT KILLS...
The world's longest bridge...
and a living legend—
Emil Zatopek!
I THE MEKON AWAIT YOU...IN THE NEW EAGLE!

ODD SPORTS

LION HUNT WITH SPEARS

IN THE MORE REMOTE PARTS OF SOUTH AFRICA, the men of the Masai tribe organise each year a great lion hunt. But instead of carrying rifles the huntsmen are armed with long spears and carry buffalo-hide shields.

The hunt is held on a day when a lion is reported in the neighbourhood. Word is then sent out for the huntsmen to assemble.

Forming up in a long line, the hunters start stalking the lion across the grass-covered open country. Immediately the lion is spotted, the hunters fan out in an extended ring formation.

As they get closer to their quarry the ring of huntsmen gradually close in until they are shield to shield with the lion in the middle. They then wait until the trapped lion gives a roar and leaps at one of the hunters.

Firmly standing his ground, the huntsman waits until the lion is a couple of feet from him. Then he jumps forward and with one swift blow drives his spear through the animal's heart.

It takes nerves of steel to do this as the man must wait until the lion is practically on top of him before he can strike the fatal blow, which must be under the lion's body. More than one Masai has left it too late and been badly mauled before his comrades could come to his rescue.

The Masai who successfully kills his lion is entitled to wear for ever afterwards a lion-skin belt and a head-dress made from the mane of the lion that fell to his spear.

THE SILVER ARROW

Every year the ancient Corps of Royal Archers, who are the Queen's Bodyguard when Her Majesty visits Scotland, gather in their picturesque uniforms in the town of Musselburgh. There they shoot with their bows and arrows for a silver arrow presented by Musselburgh Corporation.

Each competitor is allowed one shot only. In the event of ties, the shoot continues until one archer gets the better of his opponent.

The winner does not get a prize. Instead he has to fix to the silver trophy-arrow a small gold plate engraved with his name and the year in which he won.

The silver arrow has plates with the names of winners since the competition was first held in 1603 !

Walkie Crawlie

Lo Chang became walkie crawlie champion of his village in China when he beat a field of 30 odd over a course of three miles.

Competitors were required to walk for half a mile, then get down on hands and knees and crawl for 150 yards, then get up and walk another half mile, and so on for the rest of the course. A white line on the ground and a post at the beginning of each crawl warned competitors when they had to get on their hands and knees.

Any competitor who did not drop to the ground and start crawling immediately he came to the white markers was disqualified. The race began and ended with a crawl.

Lo Chang crawled past the winning post a good 100 yards ahead of the runner-up. Three competitors were disqualified for running and two retired with injured knees !

Flower-Pot Race

Isaac Silikoe became flower-pot racing champion of his Cornish village by winning a 150 yards sprint in which his feet never touched the ground.

The contestants lined up for the start, each with his hands and feet on the flower pots. At the off, they had to move along by lifting the flower pots on which their feet rested, placing these pots in front of them then stepping on to the front pots, bringing the pots at the back to the front and so on.

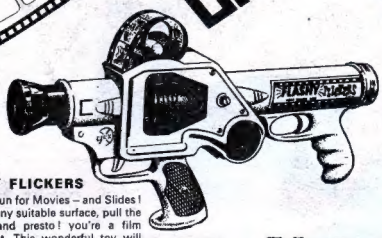
The secret was to keep balanced on the right foot and right hand while reaching back the left hand to move forward the pot on which the left foot had been resting ; and vice-versa when moving up the pot on which the right foot rested.

want to be a

MOVIE PROJECTIONIST

CRANE DRIVER XXXXX

DOUBLE AGENT

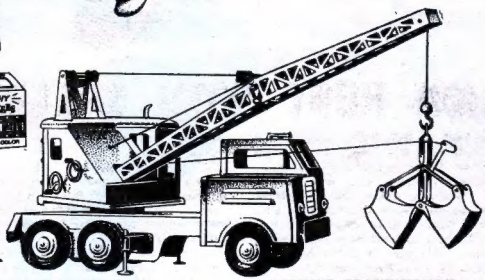


These are the toys for you!

FLASHY FLICKERS

Projector Gun for Movies – and Slides! Point it at any suitable surface, pull the trigger – and presto! you're a film projectionist. This wonderful toy will show films or 35 mm. slides and you get complete colour story-films with your FLASHY FLICKERS gun. Plenty of extra films to buy later too! Illuminated by three U-2 batteries (*not supplied*) *this is the toy to make you the envy of your friends when you give them a show!*

PRICE 29/11d.



MIKE HAZARD, DOUBLE AGENT

The most famous Top Secret Operative of them all – perfect, movable model standing 11½" tall, with all his special clothing and kit, including disguises, secret weapons, booby-traps, camera, tape-recorder, radio . . . over fifty different items ready for you to fit him out for the most dangerous of missions. *Get into training as an Undercover Operator with MIKE HAZARD today.*

PRICE 32/11d.

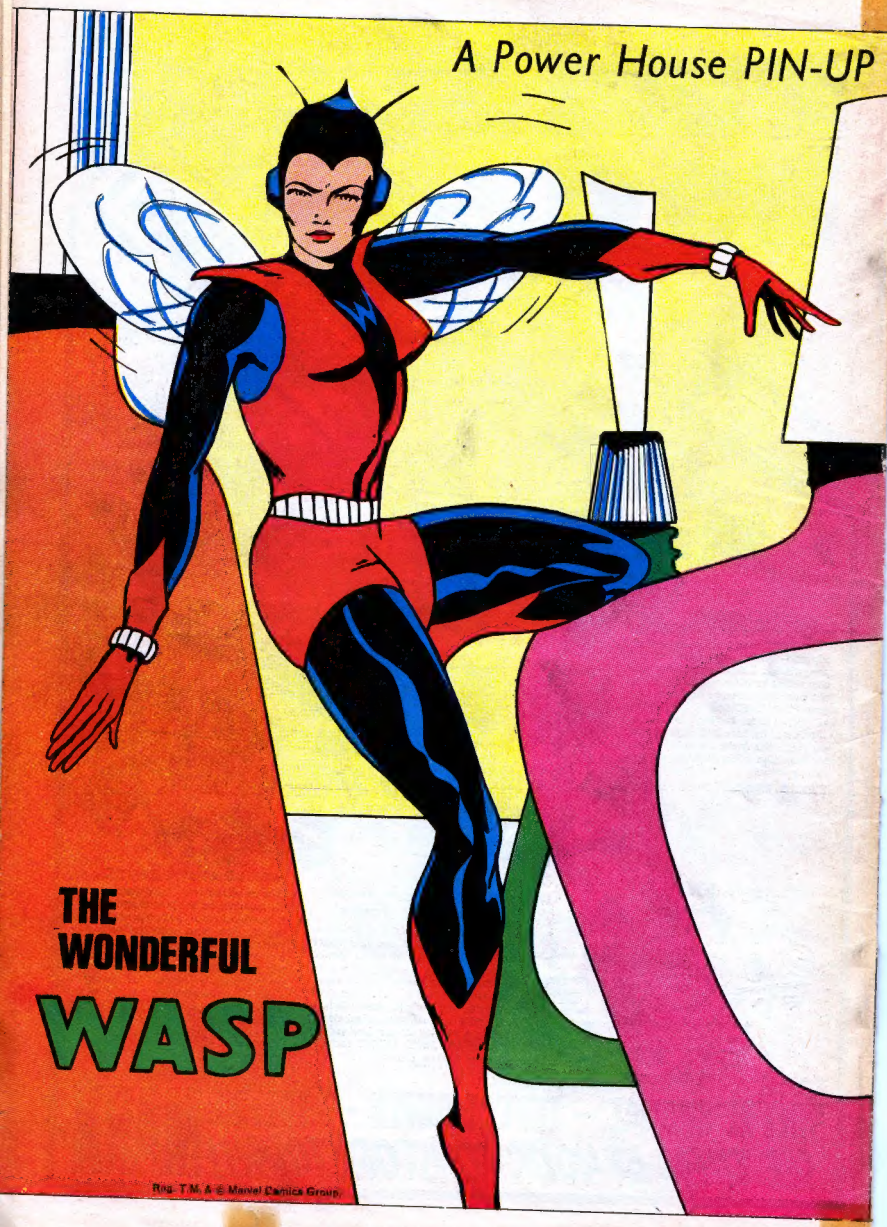
MOBILE CRANE TRUCK

This crane not only really works, but it's mounted on a fabulous replica of a six-wheel truck complete with all details. The crane has adjustable stabilisers for heavy-loading operations and hand-operated grab just like the real thing! Finished in modern construction vehicle colours – *just the toy if you aim to be a crane-driver!*

PRICE 68/5d.

THEY'RE SPECIAL – THEY'RE SUPER – THEY'RE MARX

SEE THEM AT YOUR TOYSTORE TODAY!


A Power House PIN-UP
THE WONDERFUL
WASP
Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group.